

Good Morning

145

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

DID you know that you were a racehorse owner, an inn-keeper, a farmer, and the owner of some of the finest "old master" paintings in the world?

Probably not, for few people realise the great variety and value of the many things in which they have a share as citizens of Britain.

These things have either been given to you by wealthy and generous people or bought at a "bargain rate" out of the taxes to which you contribute.

The racehorses were a gift made by Colonel Hall Walker, M.P. (afterwards Lord Waverley) in 1915. Colonel Walker had a magnificent collection of horses. He offered them as a gift, provided the Government bought the land on which they were bred and trained.

Perhaps the fact that we were in the middle of a war explained why the Government hesitated about accepting on behalf of the nation a gift valued at £100,000. Eventually they agreed, and paid £56,000 for the land in Ireland and Wiltshire.

It was announced that the horses had been taken over for military reasons, and some people visualised them being turned into cavalry mounts!

But their value lay in breeding, and it was the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries that took charge of what was christened "The National Stud." They were fortunate enough to find an experienced manager, Captain H. Greer, who was ready to give his services for nothing.

Not until the stud started losing money about twelve years ago did the British man in the street really understand he owned a string of racehorses! Whatever he felt about it, some M.P.s thought it was a waste of the taxpayer's money to spend it on racehorses, quite forgetting the £100,000 profit which the stud had made since it was given to the nation. But for the fact that Myrobella

made £16,000 in a year, the stud might have been closed.

RACE COLOURS. Your horses and mine have not raced under our colours. It would be a novelty, perhaps, to have a jockey wearing the Union Jack in the Derby, but there are complications about racing our horses. The prime interest was in breeding, especially in improving the breed of horses for the Army. The horses bred in the National Stud were, therefore, either sold as yearlings or "leased" to owners who raced them.

Myrobella was "leased" to Lord Lonsdale when she had such a successful season; £4,000 went as profit to the stud. Horses leased return to the stud for breeding, and if your horses and mine haven't yet won the Derby, they have sired four Derby winners and many winners of other "classics."

There have been many disadvantages about the National Stud being in Eire, only compensated for by the ideal conditions in which the horses are bred. Perhaps, after the war, we might have a National Stud in Britain, so that we could go and look at our own horses!

Our collection of paintings, "unexcelled in the uniformly high quality of its pictures and the number of masterpieces it contains," to quote a famous authority, was acquired in a way not unlike the National Stud. A wealthy collector of

Perhaps you don't know it, but—

YOU OWN A RACE-HORSE AND A PUB

Says J. M. Michaelson



one day the majority of Britain's countryside and her forests may be under the Trust.

During the war we have become farmers in a considerable way through the land taken over and farmed by the Agricultural Committees. In many instances this was land that had been neglected for many years.

It is possible that what is regarded as war-time emergency may become a permanent feature of our life, and that we shall come to own an increasing number of farms.

We have our pubs, too, and hotels. In 1915 we decided that to ensure moderate and decent distribution of drink to people engaged in national service in certain areas we should have to acquire the inns and hotels in certain districts.

One of these was Carlisle, hence the name "Carlisle experiment," sometimes given to our expedition into the licensed trade. Altogether, we acquired 321 inns, hotels and businesses, including a brewery. We also acquired premises in Cromarty, Dingwall, Invergordon and Gretna Green.

IT'S ON US, HERBERT!

According to the latest figures available, we now have just over 200 premises, and they are making a nice little profit for us every year—about £100,000. We have done a great deal of work in bringing the hotels and premises up to date, and we blend our own whisky as well as brew our own beer.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Home Secretary, and Mr. Ernest Brown, as Secretary for Scotland, run our inns and hotels for us. So if anyone tells you he "had one with the Home Secretary" at the Bush Inn or the Novar Arms he is not altogether shooting a line, although, of course, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Brown act as "mine host" purely ex-officio.

These are only a few of the precious possessions that you and I have a share in. We have also thousands of miles of footpaths and "rights of way," in commons and open spaces, and in such odd things as Nelson's writing desk, recently presented to us and housed in the National Maritime Museum with many other relics of our national naval hero.

We own, too, photographs and portraits of everyone of our famous men—the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery and acquire them for us every year.

pictures offered his collection as a gift, if the Government would spend some money on others and a building. The wealthy collector was Sir George Beaumont, and his paintings were valued at £7,500 in 1826. They are now worth many times this sum.

The pictures which the Government had to buy to get this "gift" for us were those collected by Julius Angerstein, 38 of the greatest pictures in the world. If the Government had not accepted Beaumont's offer, all the pictures would have gone to Bavaria, but it was only after much debate that they voted £60,000.

That collection is the nucleus of the National Gallery, the greatest collection of paintings in the world. No man to-day could estimate the value of the 1,750 major masterpieces that belong to you.

ALADDIN'S CAVE.

At the moment, all but a very few are hidden safe from bombs in the heart of a mountain cave. But with the coming of peace they will be returned to our gallery in the heart of London.

We, no doubt, will continue to be fashionable, thinking other people's pictures better than our own and visiting Italy, France, or wherever it may be, to see the cream of the world's art when, in fact, we own it ourselves! Incidentally, if you should ever go to look at your pictures after the war, notice No. 61, Claude's "Landscape with the Angel."

This was such a favourite of Beaumont, to whom we

owe all these pictures, that when he kept his promise and handed over his masterpieces, he asked to be allowed to borrow this one until his death, as he could not bear to be parted from it. He even took it in his cab when he went visiting.

The pictures at the National Gallery are, of course, only a part of our great collection of art and antiquity. Sir John Soane, just over a hundred years ago, presented us with a magnificent collection of the drawings of Hogarth, a unique sarcophagus sculptured from a single block of translucent alabaster, and many other precious things which we keep in a place rather dully named Sir John Soane's Museum.

The widow of Sir Richard Wallace bequeathed to us in her will in 1897 "The Wallace Collection," the fruits of two lifetimes' search of the Continent for all that was beautiful. Government bought Hertford House, the house of Sir Richard Wallace, to house it.

Valuation of the contents would be difficult, because they are irreplaceable and therefore priceless, but millions might be the price collectors would be willing to pay.

In 1700 the great-grandson of Sir Henry Cotton bequeathed to us one of the finest private collections of books in the world. Those books and manuscripts became the nucleus of our great British Museum Library, probably the largest collection of books and papers on earth.

To-day we own something

approaching 4,000,000 books and 56,000 MSS., requiring over sixty miles of shelves! Some of the books and the antiquities which form the nucleus of the British Museum we owe to the gambling instincts of our ancestors.

When in 1752 certain books, curiosities, etc., were offered to us for £20,000—a fraction of their value—our rulers said there wasn't the money in the Treasury, but that it could be raised by a lottery. £200,000 worth of tickets were sold; £100,000 went in prizes, and the rest to buy articles for our national collection.

These original gifts have been immensely extended by gifts to us of generous donors and by our own purchases. The latter have usually been accompanied by criticism of "wasted money." One of the most notable recent acquisitions was the Codex Sinaiticus for many thousands from Russia.

OUR "MANAGERS."

It would be burdensome for us to have to look after all these treasures, and therefore they are mostly in the hands of Trustees, who not only conserve them, but add to them every year. Britain is fortunate in having many men of integrity, knowledge and public spirit who are willing to do this work.

In the case of our beauty spots, the National Trust does the work, "managing" in various ways many thousands of acres of beautiful land for us. We do not "own" all this land, but every year an increasing amount is becoming "ours" through the National Trust, and acquire them for us every year.

Here's looking at you P.O. STANLEY FENSOME!—



YES, Stan, all three of us.

Between Gladys, your wife and sturdy 2-year-old John, there's Winsome Winnie—a new-comer. Winnie is the doll that your wife and your sister, Dora, won for John at a local fair in Birmingham.

When we went along to your house in Tudor-street, in good old Brum, the first to greet us at the door was John, who smiled and said, "Hullo, you!" Let's admit we were astonished. It's rare we meet anyone so young talking so clearly and to the point.

"Tum in," he said, slipping up a bit on the consonants. And, so, we met your wife and Grannie.

It was Sunday afternoon and Gran was making tea—to which we got an invitation. Very nice tea it was, too.

John sat up at table like a little man, and talked away.

"That's my Daddy," he said, pointing at your photo on the mantelpiece.

He kisses your photo every night before he's tucked in, your wife told us. And until he's done so—no bed for John!

Once, while having tea, John coughed—and at once raised his hand before his mouth. Oh, very much the polite grown-up boy!

Here's your other news from home:

Everyone is fine; your wife, John, Gran, your sisters Olive, Dora and Iris—and, of course, Winsome Winnie the doll.

Your wife says she likes her war job on munitions while Gran keeps house. But Gran viewed us strangely and none too surely.

"I'm giving nothing away about the submarine service," she told us.

To make up for this careful scrutiny, John talked many times to the dozen. There certainly seems to be plenty of brains behind those quiet eyes of your son, Stan. And at two years of age!

"Tell Daddy I kiss his picture," he said.

—and at your photograph!



The Fall of the House of Usher

To-day's
Picture Quiz

DURING the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher.

I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible.

I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into every-day life—the hideous dropping of the veil.

There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth.

It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the grey sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks.

forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been

By EDGAR ALLEN POE

Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood, but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. There was evidence of nervous agitation.

The writer spoke of acute bodily illness—of a mental disorder which oppressed him—and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a

always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognisable beauties of musical science.

I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honoured as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain.

It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency perhaps of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmis-

sion from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself.

Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis; and it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous indeed that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me.

I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the grey wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilential and mystic vapour, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building.

Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen, and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones.

In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinising observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zig-zag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate pas-



Know anything about pets? This charming little animal is one of the following: Mouse, Hedgehog, Squirrel, Skunk. Which one is it? Answer in No. 146.

MISSING FILM STAR?

1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, the letters in the centre two columns will give you the name of a well-known film star. Here are the clues:—1, Flowers. 2, He handles books and makes them costly. 3, Degrees of colour. 4, Divided into parts. 5, Best. 6, Head-band.

(Answer in No. 146)

view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent heart that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation, and I accordingly obeyed

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 106

1. PHOTOGRAH.
2. CAMBRIDGE.
3. FREE, FRET, FEET, BEET, BEST, LEST, LAST, EAST, EASY.
4. BRASS, GRASS, CRASS, CRABS, CRAMS, TRAMS, TEAMS, BEAMS, BEAKS, BECKS, BACKS, TACKS, POUR, POOR, POOL, POLL, PAIL, PAIL, PAIN, RAIN.
5. ALL, AIL, AID, BID, BIT, BUT.
6. Hair, Chat, Able, Hart, Hate, Bait, Bare, Bear, Rate, Tare, Tear, Liar, Rail, Char, Chit, Itch, Lair, Hare, Hall, Heal, Bate, Bail, Bale, etc.
7. Bear, Chair, Bleat, Table, Earth, Teach, Cheat, Clear, Crate, Trace, Chart, Cleat, Brace, Birth, Batch, Bitch, Their, Blate, Cable, Caret, Beach, etc.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Self-importance.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10			11			
12				13		14	15
16				17	18		
		19	20				21
22	23			24	25		
26	27		28	29			30
31		32			33	34	35
36				37	38		
	39		40		41		
42							

CLUES DOWN.

1. Pungent taste. 2. Side of leaf. 3. Rest. 4. Paid up. 5. From among. 6. Food cupboard. 7. Accustoms. 8. Stretched tight. 9. Tinge with gold. 13. Bark. 15. Wooded hollow. 18. Leaf rib. 20. Man. 22. Rugged rock. 23. Charm. 25. Outdoor game. 27. Old violin. 29. Reptile. 30. Chafe. 32. Lath. 34. Trees. 35. Declined. 38. Drink. 40. Third note of scale.

Solution to 144.

WAS PARCH B
ACUMEN HERO
FINERY AREA
EDGES LIMNS
R DOMINIE
SIC NUT TWO
MANAGER U
PANEL REAPS
AGOG GANNET
VEER ATTIRE
E SOUSE LID

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 144.

This leaves stretches of 7, 6, 3, 9, 5, 4 and 8 words.

QUIZ for today

1. "Beauty sleep" is sleep when?
2. Whose hundred-year sleep was broken by a kiss?
3. A sleeper plays a surprise in what game?
4. Who made a fortune out of Sleepers?
5. If it's on the carpet and a short sleep it's known by what name?
6. What's a sleepy head all the time?
7. "Dear old Massa am a-sleeping" where?

Answer to Quiz in No. 144

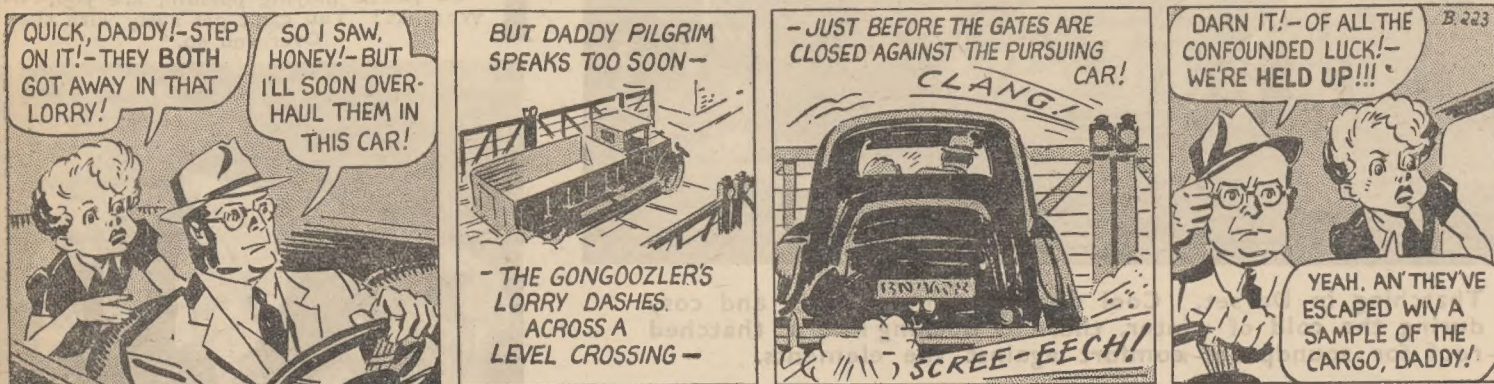
1. Night-cap.
2. Washington Irving, who wrote "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and is buried in Sleep Hollow Cemetery.
3. 40.
4. Sandman.
5. Goldilocks.
6. Barking dog.
7. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a
thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.
Thomas Campbell.

BEELZEBUB JONES



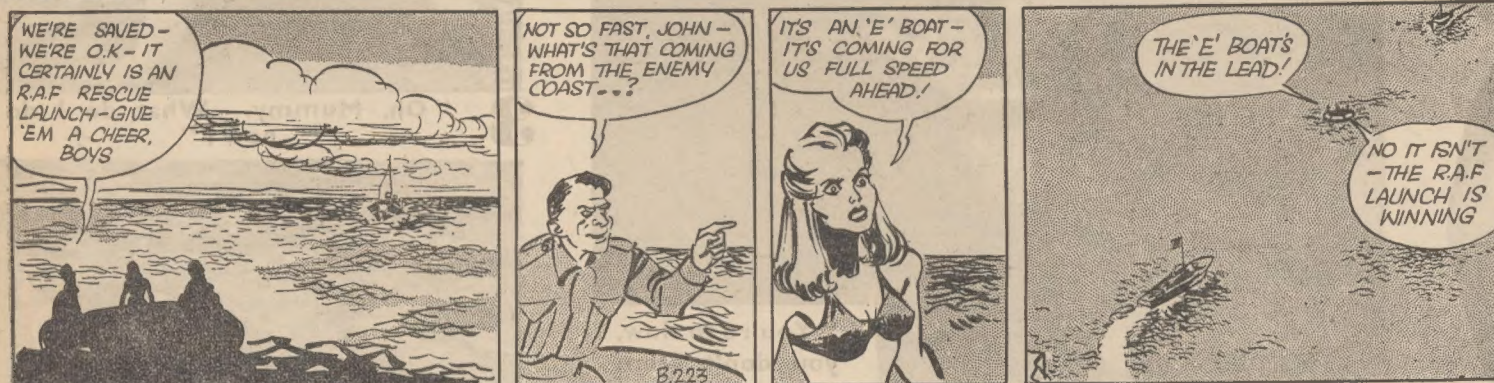
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

These Questions Test Your Knowledge about the Telephone.

Can you answer them?

1. Was the telephone known before 1880?
2. Did Thomas Edison invent it?
3. Do telephone wires carry electric current?
4. Was it ever possible to listen to concerts on the phone?
5. Did Queen Victoria have a telephone?

ALL ABOUT TELEPHONES

PRESS Button B. You can't get the number. Sometimes you can't get your pennies back. You lose your temper with your money.

Our grandparents thought the telephone a miracle when it worked. We think it unnatural when it doesn't.

Overhead wires, underground wires, sea-bed cables, encircle the world. Men talk to other men in the adjoining room. They talk to men at the far end of the land. They speak with business houses and friends in America and the East.

It is summer here, but winter at the other end of the wire.

To work the early receivers, you turned a handle. This acted upon an electric magnet and rang the exchange bell. The operator asked the number required, rang that number, and connected the wires of the two parties.

Lamps took the place of bells. The action of unhooking the receiver closed the circuit of an electric lamp opposite the subscriber's number at the exchange. When the receiver was replaced, a lamp of another colour lit up. This told the exchange that the wires were free again.

FIRST-A SCOT.

The first telephone was made at Boston, Mass., in 1876 (and that's the answer to Question 1). It was made by a Scot, Graham Bell (and that answers Question 2).

When he had the instrument ready, he summoned his assistant in the adjoining room with the first words ever to go through wires, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!"

Perhaps he said, "Simple, my dear Watson," when his assistant appeared, for Bell's principle of telephone transmission was simple.

"If I could make a current of electricity vary in intensity precisely as the air varies in density during the production of sound," he said, "I should be able to transmit speech telegraphically."

The first switchboard for commercial purposes operated at New Haven, Conn., with 21 subscribers.

Professor Bell came to England on his honeymoon in 1878, and was congratulated on his invention by Queen Victoria. She offered to buy a couple of phones, but Bell made her a present of them—in ivory; and that answers the fifth question.

This brought the telephone to public attention, and in 1879 the first exchange was opened in London, with eight subscribers.

The British courts held that the telephone system was legally a telegraph system within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament, and consequently was a monopoly of the Postmaster-General. In Germany it was a State monopoly from the beginning.

NEWS BY PHONE.

At Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, appeared a newspaper worked entirely on the telephone. It was called the "Telefon Hirmondo," or Telephonic Newsteller. The publishing office was a telephone exchange.

News coming into the office was printed on long strips of paper and read into transmitting instruments by men with powerful-trained voices. The subscribers—there were 6,000 of them—were provided with a programme much like our radio to-day.

He listened to the news. He could be switched over to theatres, to churches, and to concert halls. (This answers Question No. 4.)

On payment of a florin an advertiser could have the virtues of his wares shouted by the stentors over the wires for a space of 12 seconds.

The newspaper—just as in America to-day—sandwiched the advertisements between items of news. If the subscriber did not want to risk missing some of the news he had to listen to the "puffs."

TWELVE-HOUR SERVICE.

For twelve hours a day the newspaper was "on tap." The cost to the subscriber—believe it or not—was one penny a day, only three times the cost of to-day's wireless licence.

When you speak into the mouthpiece of a telephone, sound waves agitate a diaphragm or plate, causing its centre to vibrate. This affects the magnet, and the electric current passes through the telephone wires to the distant receiver, so that is the answer to Question 3.

The magnetism attracts or releases the distant diaphragm, and the undulations of the air exactly resemble those set up by the speaker's voice.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

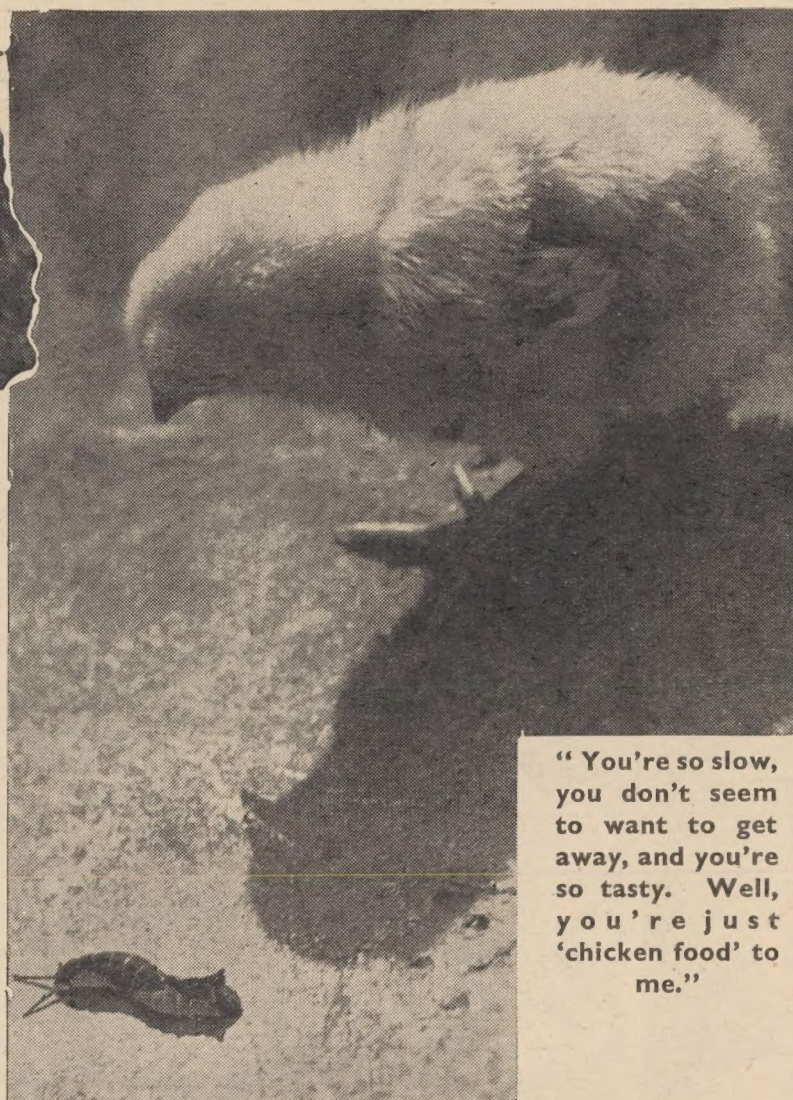


This England

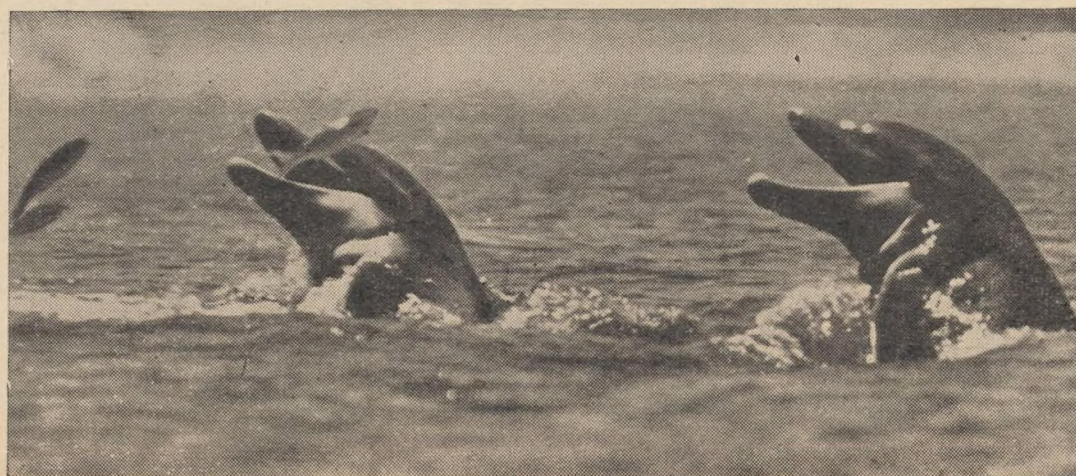
Thatching in Dorset. Cool during summer heat, and cosy during the cold of winter, there is nothing like a thatched roof for soundproof comfort against the elements.

BACK AGAIN

And why not? There's nothing like a good shoulder to put to the wheel anyway.



"You're so slow, you don't seem to want to get away, and you're so tasty. Well, you're just 'chicken food' to me."



"Ha, Ha. Well caught Algy. You amuse me, the way you chase those mullets until they leap into the air, then gobble them up. Send a few this way. I'm feeling peckish, too."

UNARMED WOMBAT!



1 "So you're playing pussum, are you, Mr. Wombat? You can't get away with that. Over you go."



2 "I said, over YOU go, not me."



3 "Oh, Mummy. What do I do now?"



4 Thank Heaven I threw him. I wish I could remember how I did it, before he comes again."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Laughing his bloomin' head off."

